

WINTER ISSUE  
No. 6

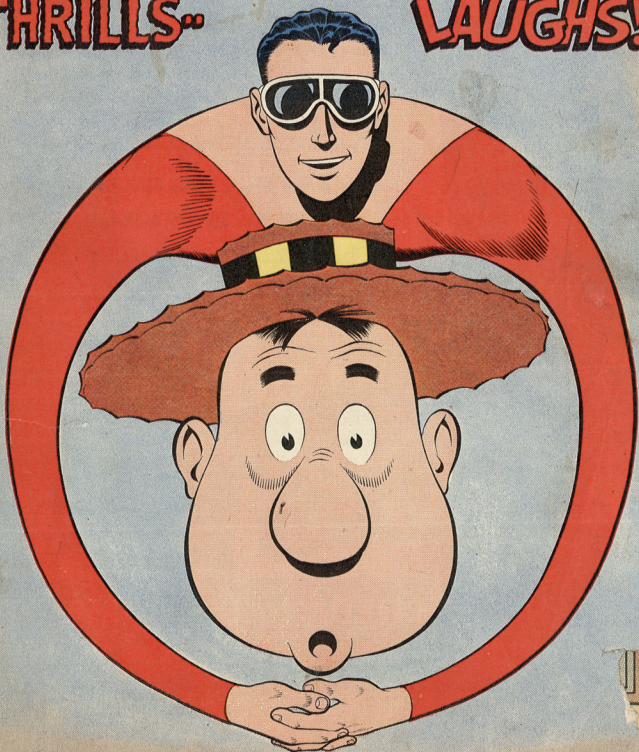
SM  
★  
W  
DALLAS  
GROUP

# PLASTIC MAN

10¢

BRINGS YOU  
**THRILLS..**

WOOZY, THE  
**LAUGHS!**





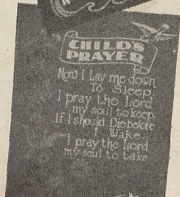


WEB COMIC  
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# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

## *Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes*



### SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.<sup>50</sup>**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.<sup>00</sup>**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.<sup>00</sup>**

**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

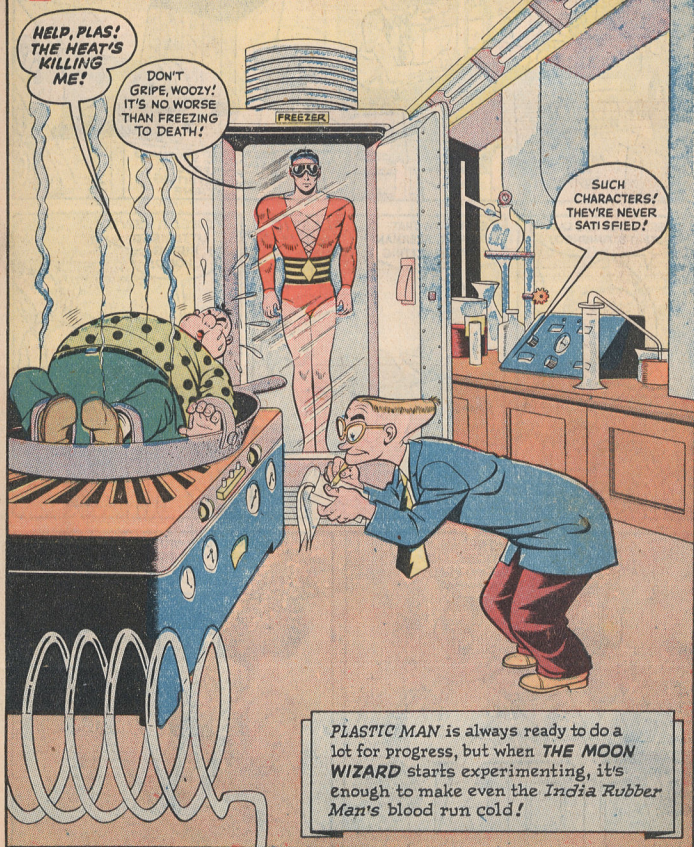
**WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO**

## CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois  
Dept. Q1

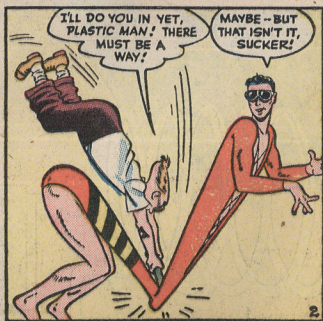
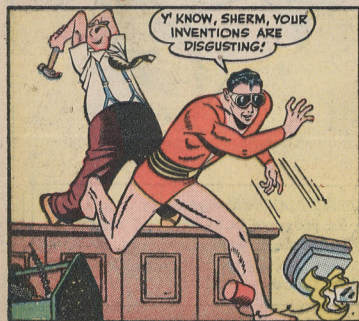
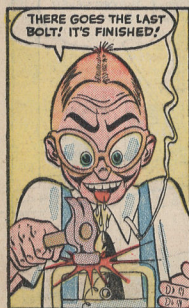
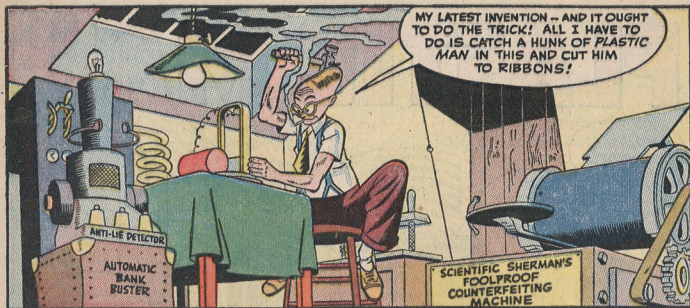


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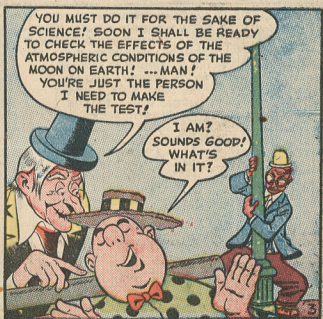
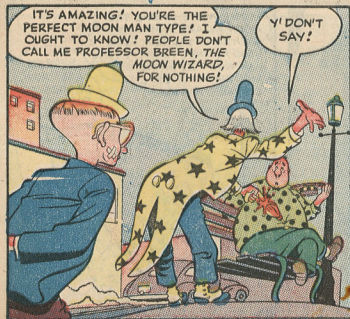
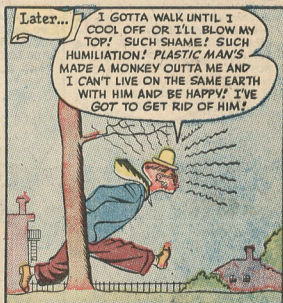
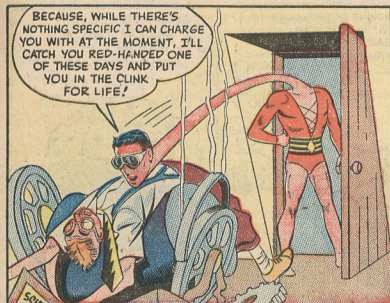
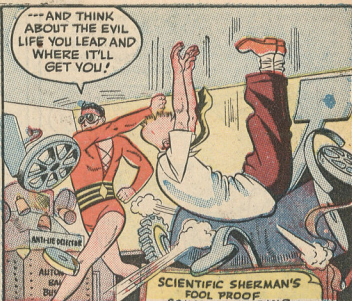
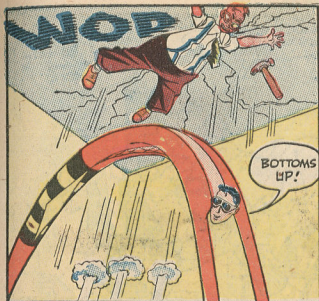


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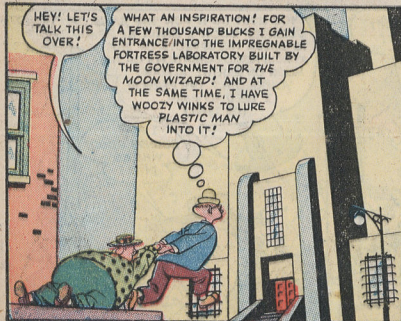
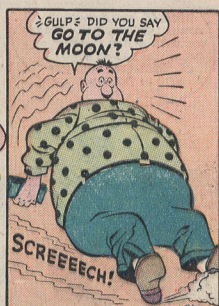
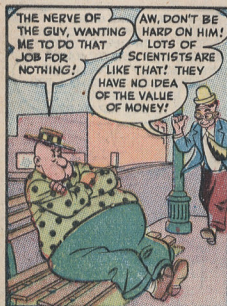
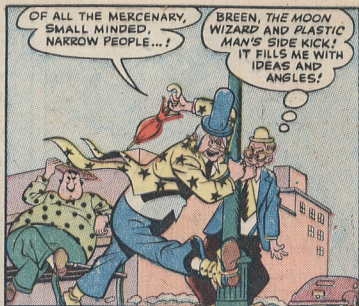
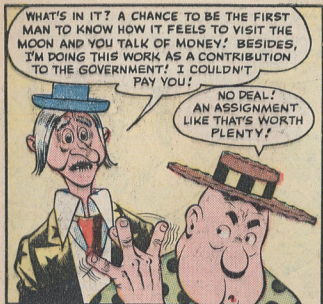


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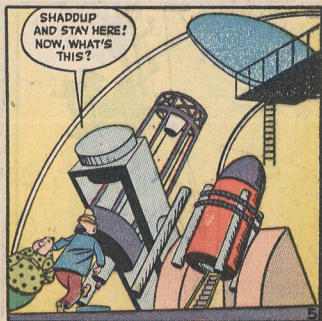
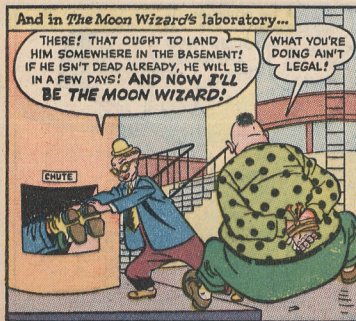
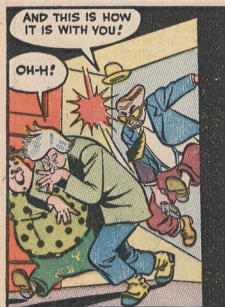


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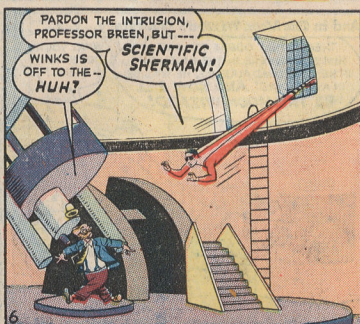
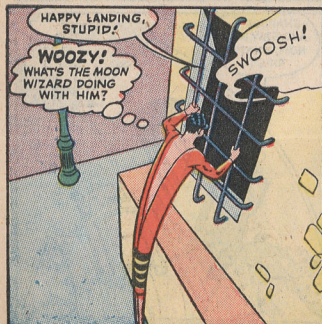
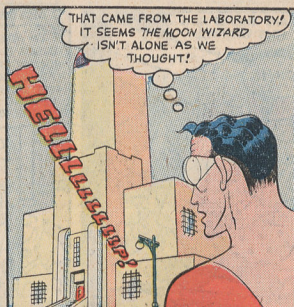
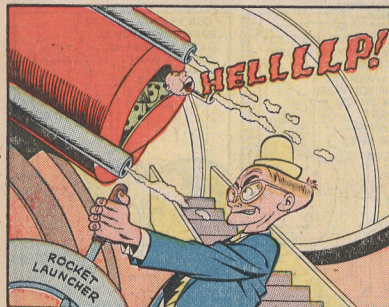
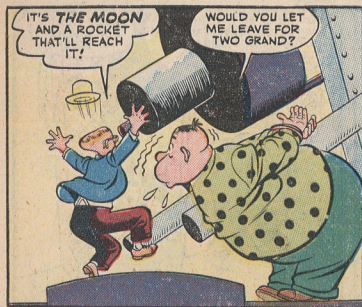


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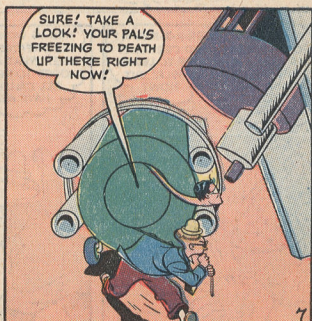
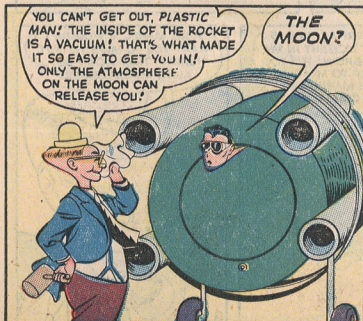
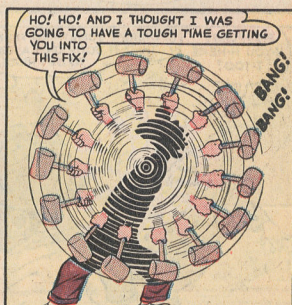
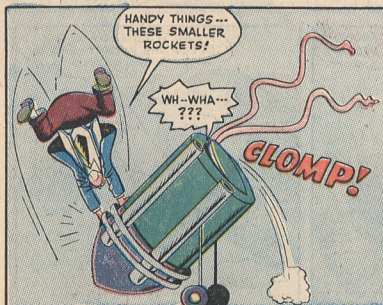
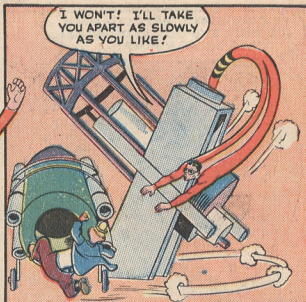
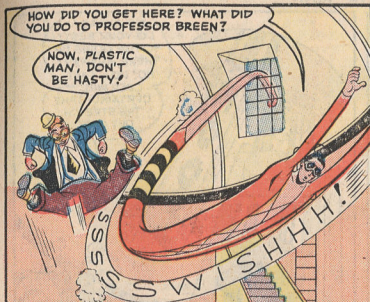


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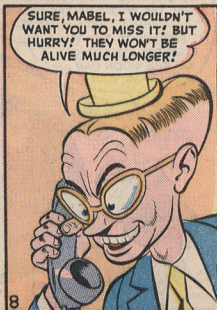
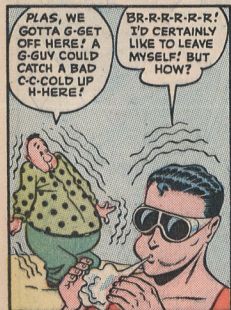
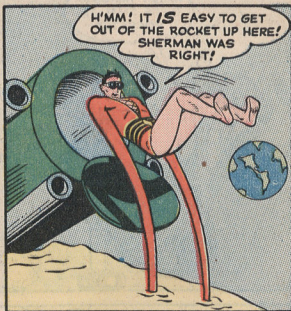
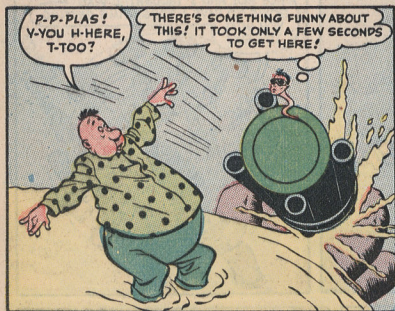
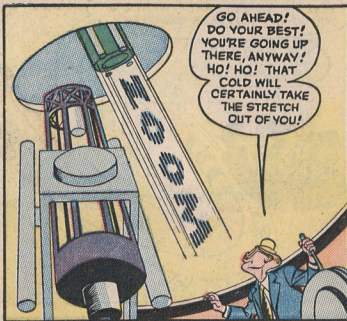
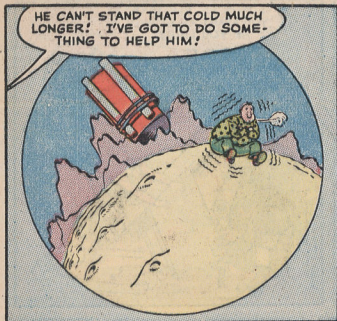


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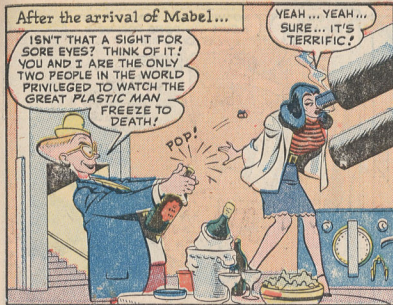


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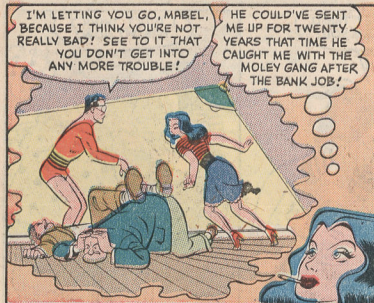
After the arrival of Mabel...

ISN'T THAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES? THINK OF IT! YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD PRIVILEGED TO WATCH THE GREAT PLASTIC MAN FREEZE TO DEATH!

YEAH... YEAH... SURE... IT'S TERRIFIC!

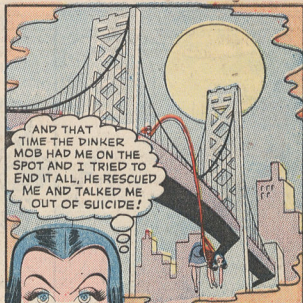


THAT'S THE WAY I OUGHT TO FEEL, BUT I DON'T! I'VE BEEN MIXED UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD ALL MY LIFE, SO I OUGHT TO BE GLAD TO SEE PLASTIC MAN KICK OFF, BUT I'M FEELING ROTTEN ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

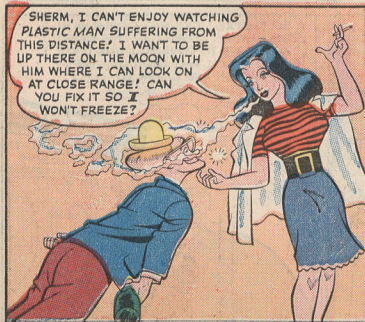


I'M LETTING YOU GO, MABEL, BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE NOT REALLY BAD! SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!

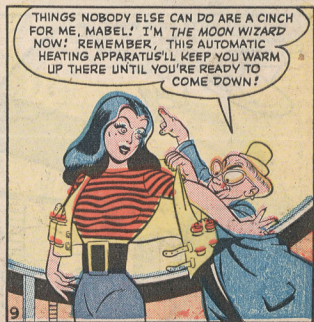
HE COULD'VE SENT ME UP FOR TWENTY YEARS THAT TIME HE CAUGHT ME WITH THE MOLEY GANG AFTER THE BANK JOB!



AND THAT TIME THE DINKER MOB HAD ME ON THE SPOT AND I TRIED TO END IT ALL, HE RESCUED ME AND TALKED ME OUT OF SUICIDE!



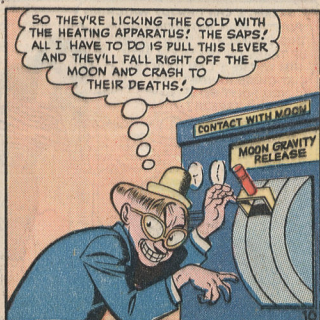
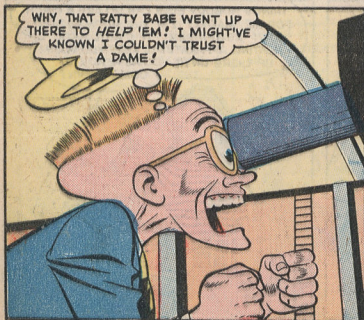
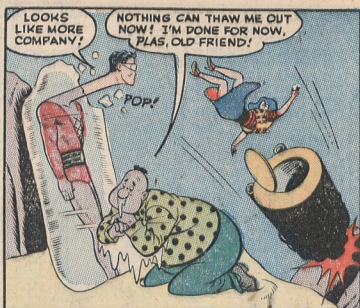
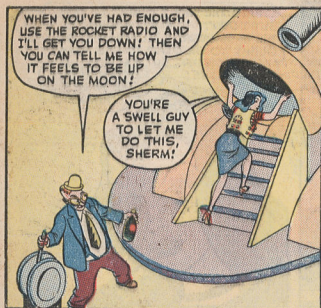
SHERM, I CAN'T ENJOY WATCHING PLASTIC MAN SUFFERING FROM THIS DISTANCE! I WANT TO BE UP THERE ON THE MOON WITH HIM WHERE I CAN LOOK ON AT CLOSE RANGE! CAN YOU FIX IT SO I WON'T FREEZE?



THINGS NOBODY ELSE CAN DO ARE A CINCH FOR ME, MABEL! I'M THE MOON WIZARD NOW! REMEMBER, THIS AUTOMATIC HEATING APPARATUS'LL KEEP YOU WARM UP THERE UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO COME DOWN!

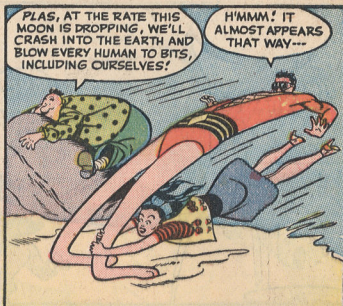
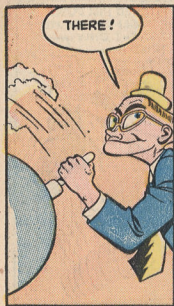


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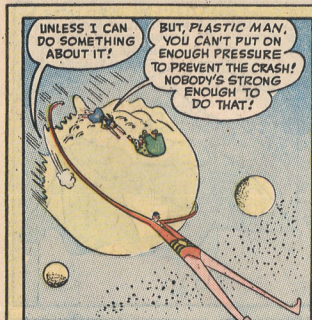




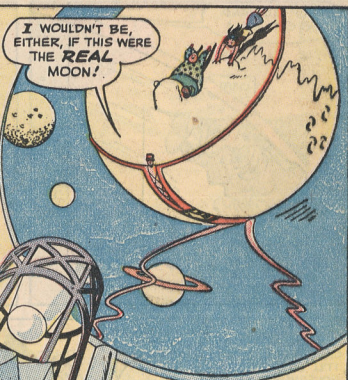
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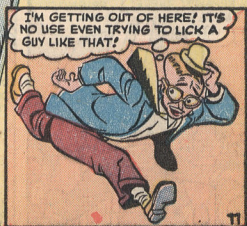
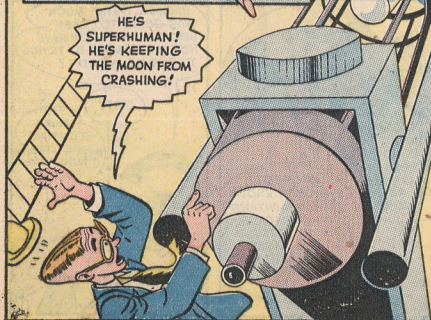
H'MMM! IT ALMOST APPEARS THAT WAY---



BUT, PLASTIC MAN, YOU CAN'T PUT ON ENOUGH PRESSURE TO PREVENT THE CRASH! NOBODY'S STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THAT!

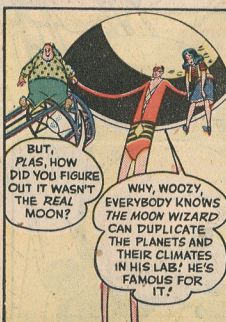
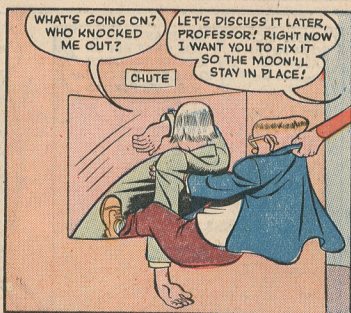
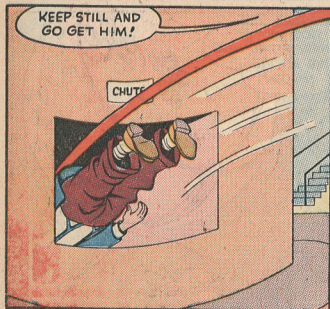
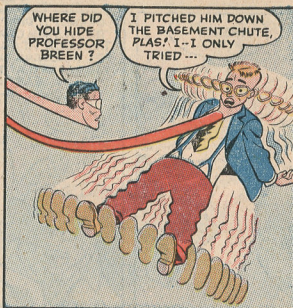
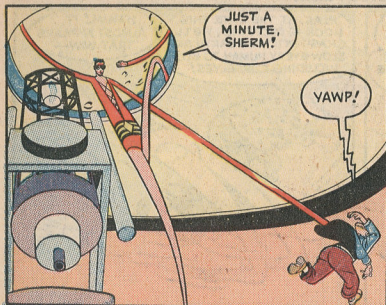


HE'S SUPERHUMAN! HE'S KEEPING THE MOON FROM CRASHING!





# PLASTIC MAN



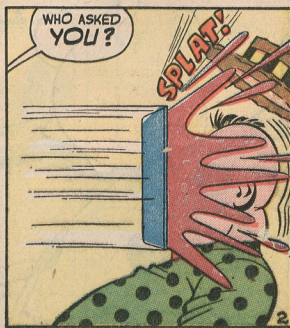
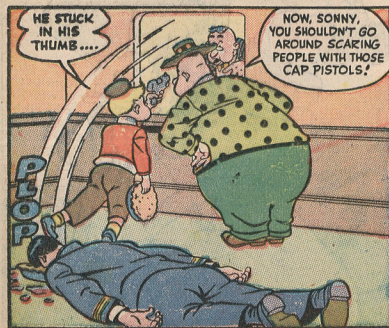
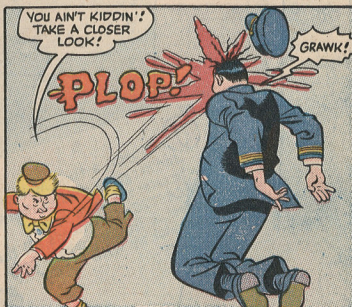
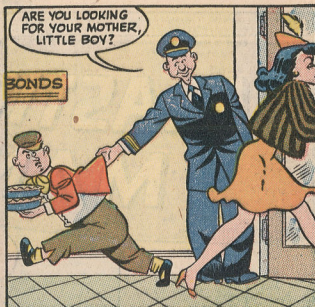


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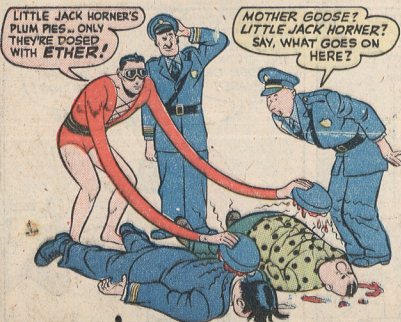
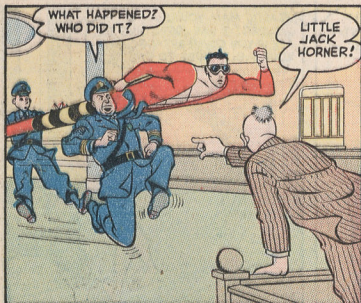
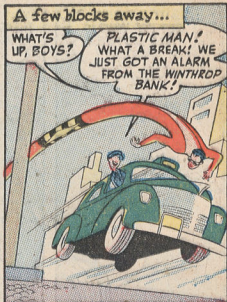


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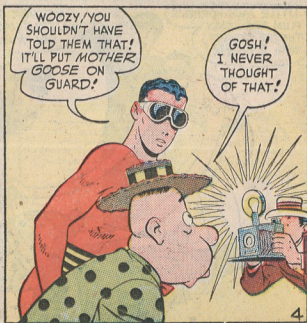
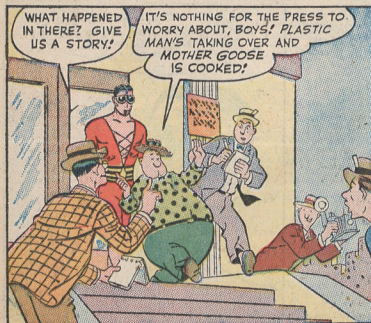
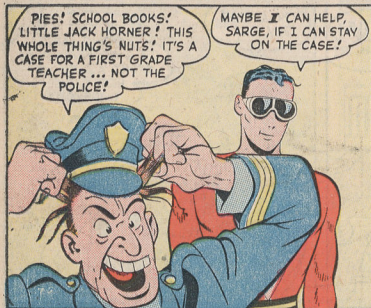
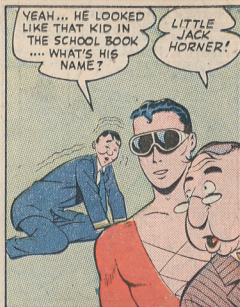


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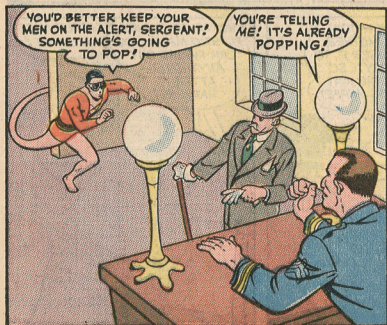
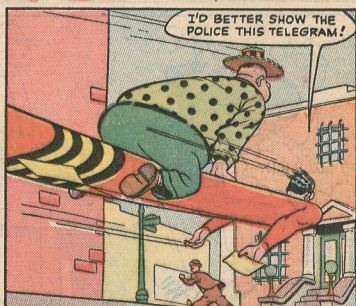
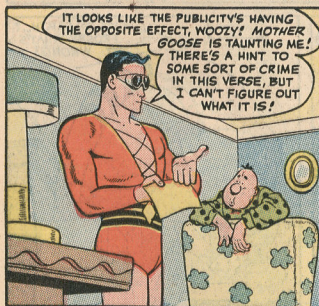
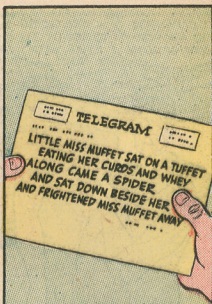
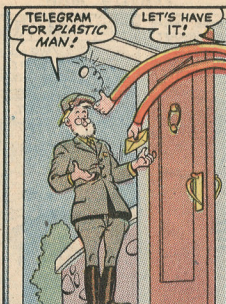


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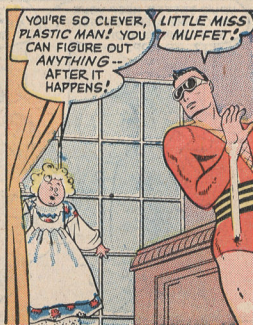
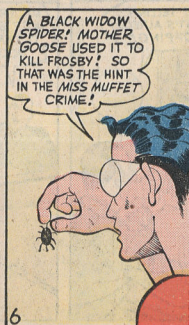
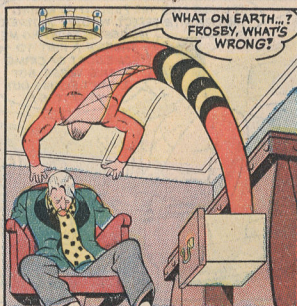
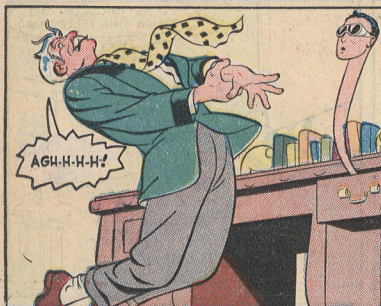
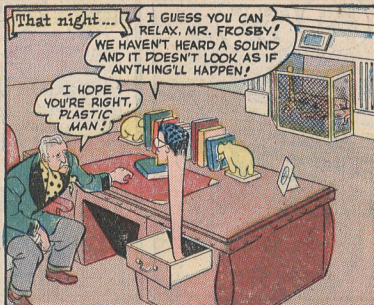
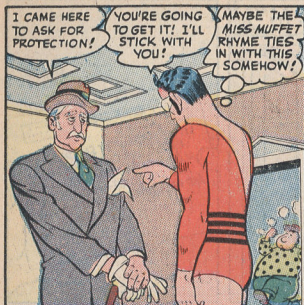


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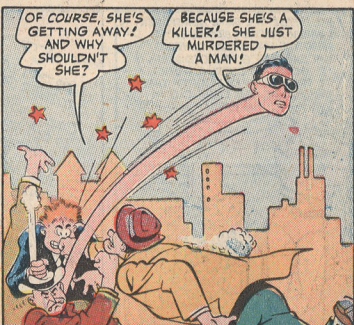
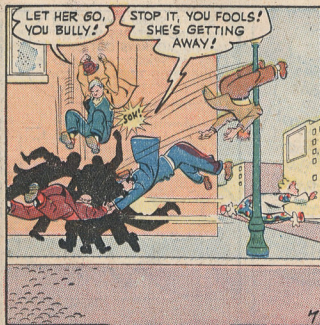
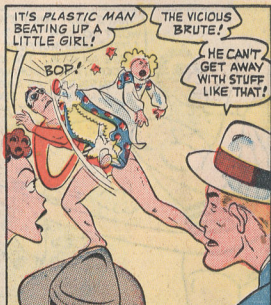
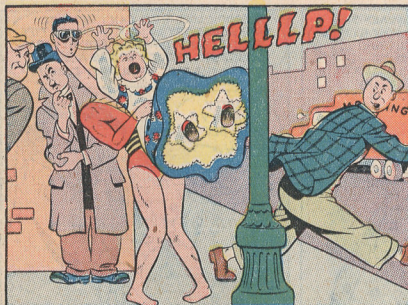
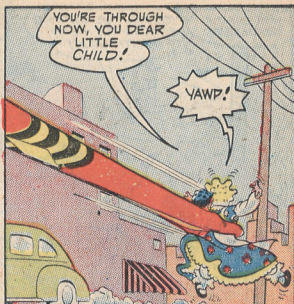
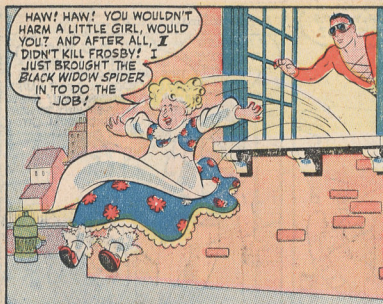


# PLASTIC MAN



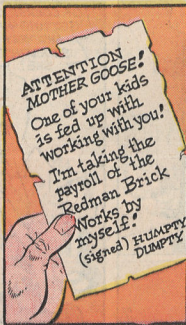
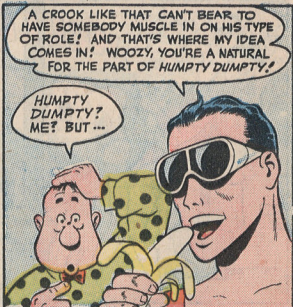
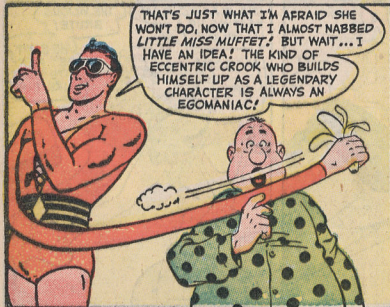


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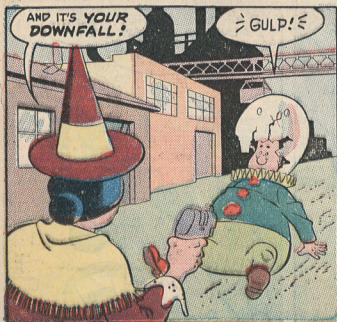
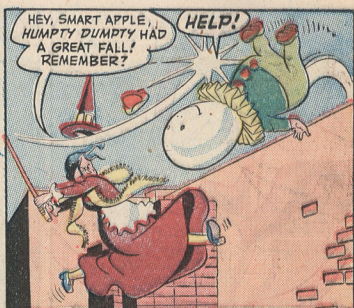
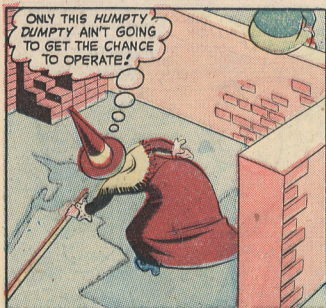
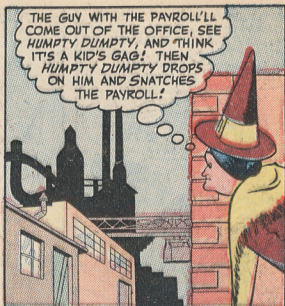
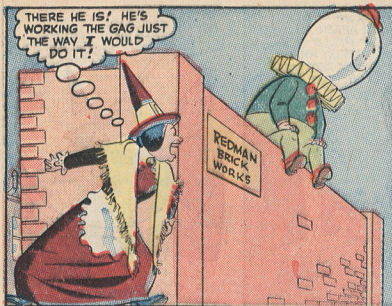




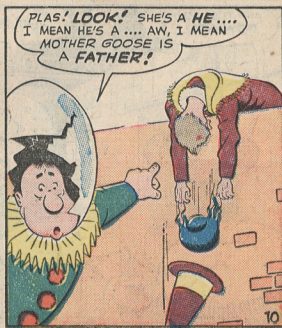
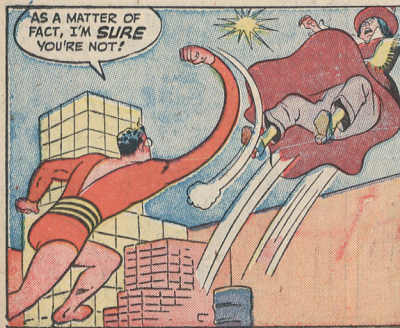
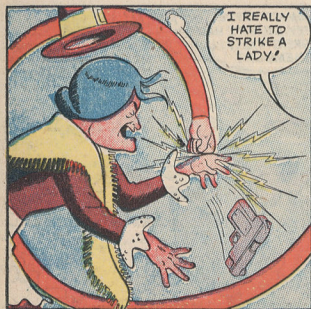
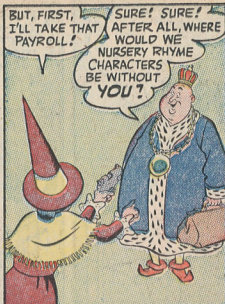
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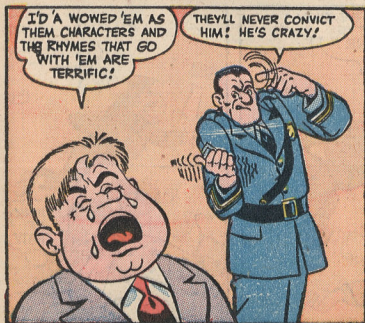
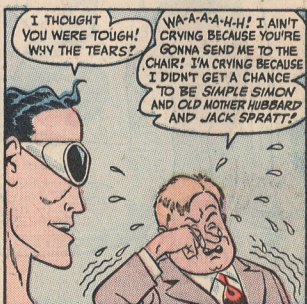
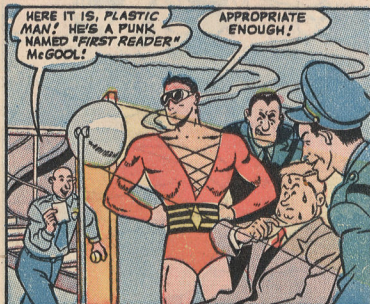
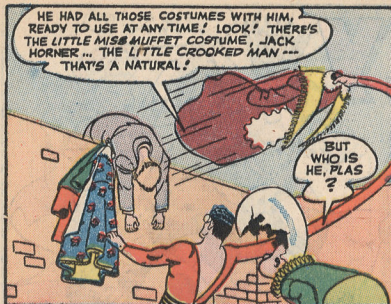




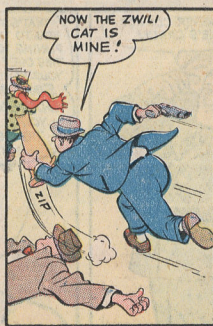
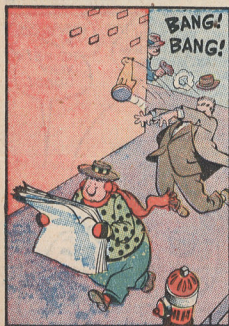
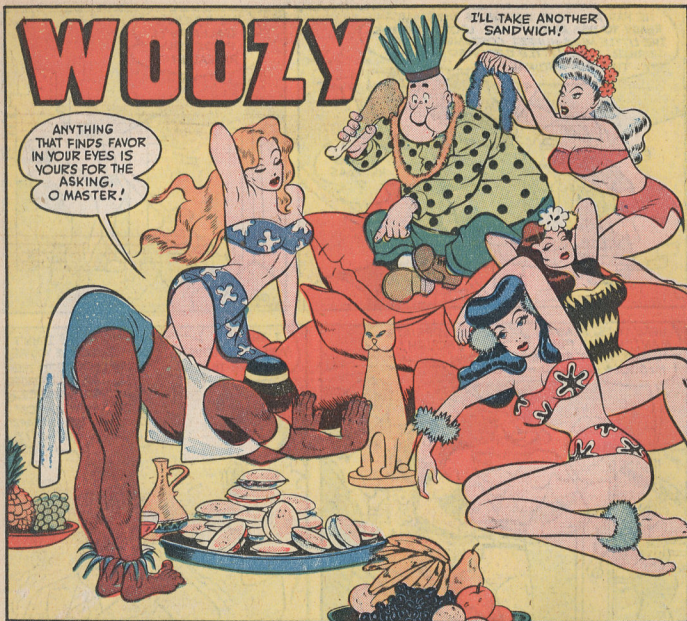
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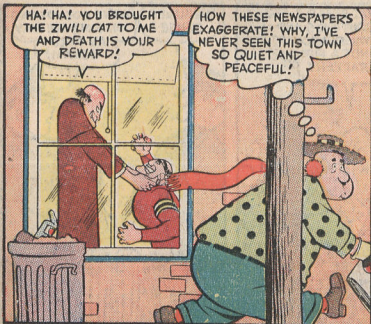
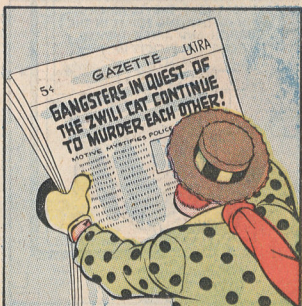
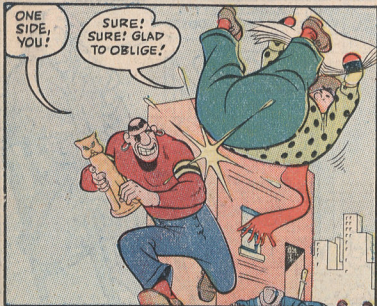
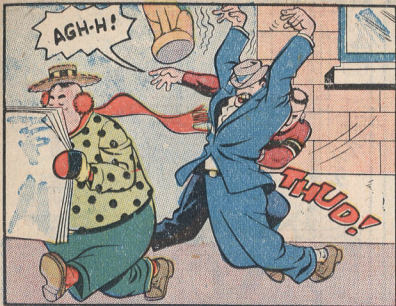




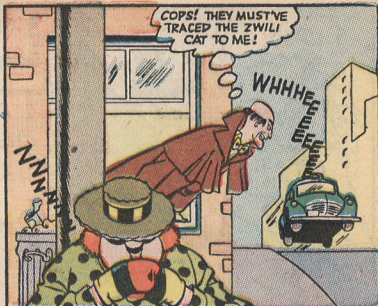
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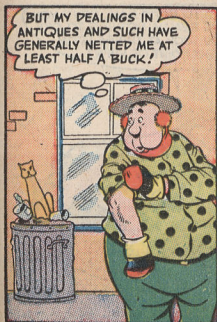
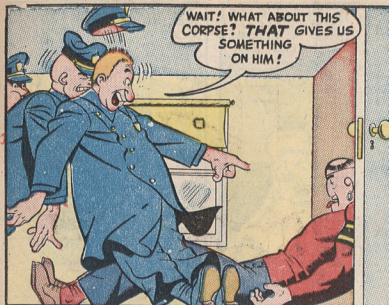


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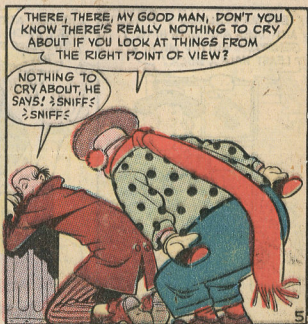
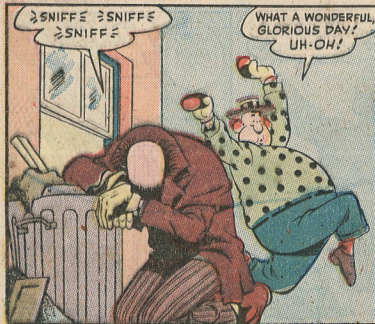
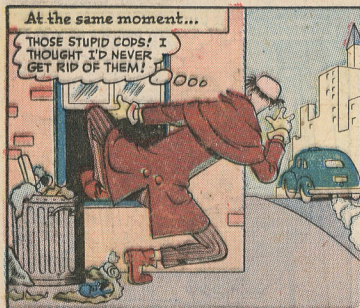




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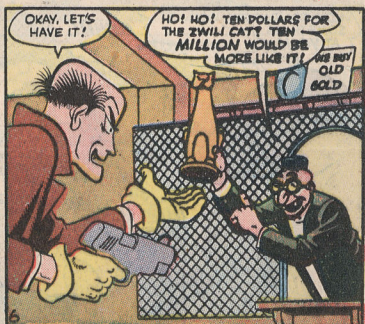
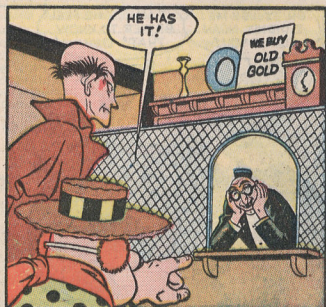


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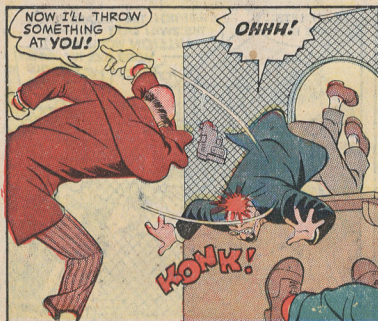
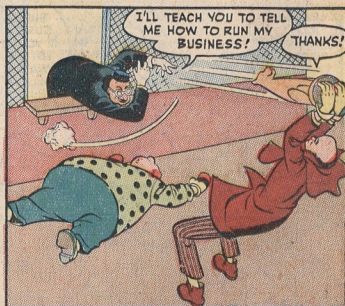
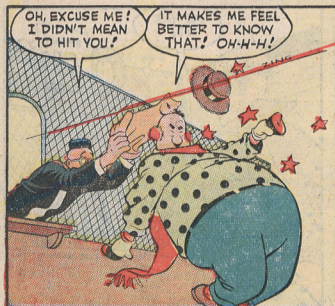
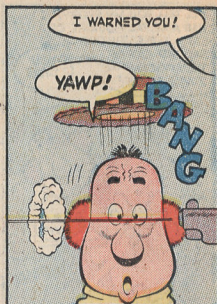
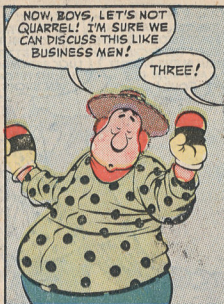




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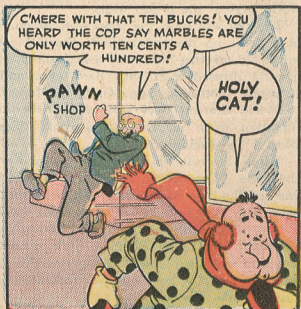
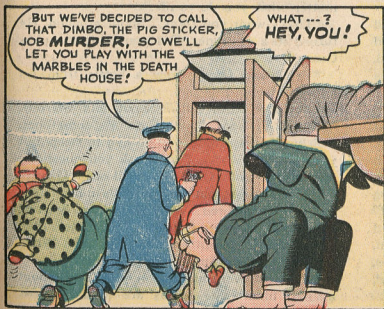
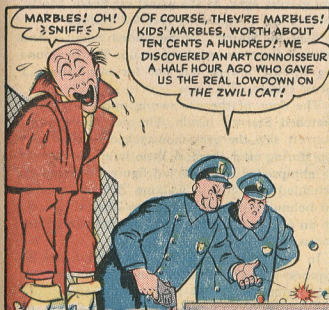
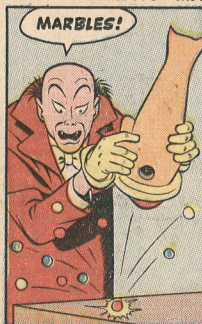


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



## STARRETT GOES STRAIGHT

THEY sat in the warden's office, the three of them—Warden Peters, Plastic Man and Ex-Convict Starrett, who wore a new suit of civilian clothes and showed a little smile of elevation on his prison-bleached face.

"You've been a model prisoner, Starrett," said the warden, "and I hope you'll be a model citizen now that you've served your time."

"I intend to be, sir," nodded Starrett.

"Why don't you start right, then?" put in Plastic Man, his red-shirted body lolling in the easy chair across the room. "When you were convicted, you never gave us the Larsen jewels—a fortune in emeralds and rubies. You still haven't said where they are. I know, from my check of the underworld, that all of your former partners in crime are wondering where they're hidden."

"As to that," said Starrett, "the jewels go back to the man I took them from—A. J. Larsen—and I, myself, will return them. I want it to be a symbol of how I'm going straight. Will you trust me?"

"We'll have to," said the Warden. He offered Starrett a cigar, and Plastic Man reached an arm full ten feet across the room with a lighted match. "I have faith in your good intentions, Starrett, and I'll feel rotten if I see you back here again."

"Don't worry about that, sir," said the convict, rising. "I mean to keep my word."

He walked to the outer door and into the world beyond the prison walls.

The sky was blue, the trees were green, and at a point up the street where Starrett could not avoid meeting him stood a high-shouldered, gaudily dressed man with hard eyes and a strangely protruding nose. Only one face like that had Starrett ever seen and he had not forgotten it in all his prison years. "Snout Morfy!" he exclaimed.

"Hiya, Starrett," said the gaudy man with the nose. "I'm the welcome-back committee. Me and the boys was waiting—we been waiting since way back to help ya dig up them jewels!"

"I'm digging them up myself, Snout," said Starrett. "And I'm giving them back to Larsen, the man who owns them! Going straight—yes, you can sneer. I don't ask you to understand, just to leave me alone."

"On the level?" demanded Snout.

"Exactly," said Starrett, and walked on, around the corner.

He strolled for another block, then stopped and stared. Someone else was coming toward him—someone he recognized, a stout, gray-haired man with a short moustache.

"Mr. Larsen!" called Starrett. "Mr. A. J. Larsen! I've been looking forward to seeing you again—I'm going to give you back the—"

"Shut up," said someone as a car braked at the curb beside him.

It was a car full of men with hard faces and glaring eyes. At the wheel sat Snout Morfy. Two of his companions levelled pistols.

"Get in, Starrett," commanded Snout. "And quick, before we smoke you up. You're gonna dig up the jewels, but not for old Larsen. I mean business."

The door of the car swung open, big hands snatched Starrett inside. The car drove away. Starrett saw the gray-moustached face of Larsen staring after them. A little later, he thought he glimpsed a tall red-clad figure, towering on extended legs like a walking derrick, moving far behind in pursuit of the car. Then they sped up an alley, and he was ushered through a dark doorway.

In Snout Morfy's hideout, Starrett faced his captors. "You're wasting time you ought to spend stealing nickels from blind men's cups," he said. "I won't tell you anything, Snout, no matter what you do to me."

"That's what you think," Snout growled. He turned to a comrade. "Did you bring the pills, Gassy?"

"Yep," and Gassy drew a bottle from his pocket.

"These is truth pills," Snout told Starrett. "Doctors use 'em. So do the cops, sometimes. You swallow a couple, you go half to sleep, but your jaw still works. People ask you questions, you tell the truth. Give him a pill or so, Gassy."

Starrett fought, but they put pills in his mouth and forcibly poured water after them. Starrett swallowed to keep from choking. After that, he seemed to dream for many minutes. When his head cleared, Snout was grinning.

"You told everything like a good boy," Snout assured him. "The jewels are in a suitcase,



## PLASTIC MAN

buried under the brick patio in that country house you useta keep—it's stood empty all the time you was in stir. Okay, we go and dig it up. If you'd given us a break, you'd be getting your share. Now all you'll get is a chance to watch, and when we got the jewels, you go into the hole where they was. Let the law wonder about what happened to you."

Again the party got into the car, Starrett wedged between two burly thugs with drawn pistols. They drove miles into the country, up the side road Starrett remembered, and to the deserted house. Behind the building, Snout pointed to the brick-covered surface of the patio.

"Up with them bricks, boys," he commanded, and with iron crowbars the thugs gouged the bricks out of the ground and piled them to one side. "Now, take a careful look. Where the stuff was buried oughta show."

Gassy bent, using his sharp, slant eyes carefully. "The softest part of the ground is right here in the center," he told Snout. "Yep, you can see where it was dug up a long time ago and put back."

"Ge those picks and shovels working," bade Snout, and willing muscle men of the gang hurried to the car, coming back with tools. Snout turned snickering to the prisoner.

"So you was going straight, Starrett? Well, you'll go straight—straight into the hole when we're through. Then we'll put the bricks back the way they was. Your police pals will ask each other where on earth you are. They'll never know that you're not ON earth, but INSIDE it."

Starrett did not bother to reply. Gassy stepped close and slapped his face. "What's the matter, punk? Speak when Snout says something."

Leave him alone, Gassy," bade Snout. "He did all the talking I cared for from him when he was under the influence of them pills. Get a shovel and help dig."

Many strong hands and eager muscles made the digging brief. After no more than five minutes Gassy yelled exultantly that his spade's edge had struck something solid. Carefully they pried the thing into view—a heavy old suitcase, metal bound and muddy but still intact. Starrett gazed mournfully as Snout knelt beside the case, drew a knife from his pocket and slit the mouldy leather. A moment later he was scooping forth the jewels by handfuls.

"Give a look, you guys! Enough rocks here to sink a ship."

"Let's divide 'em right now," urged Gassy.

"Later," said Snout. "First of all, we got a little routine murder to do. Starrett, walk over

here to the edge of the hole. It'll be easier if we don't have to drag you."

Starrett walked steadily toward him. "I'm not afraid to die," he said.

"Swell, that makes it easy all around," said Snout. He drew a gun. "I'm going to handle this matter personal—"

He dropped the gun with an oath, wringing his hand. "Who threw that brick?" he demanded. "Brick?" echoed Gassy.

"Yeah, from the pile," Snout pointed—sure enough, beside the fallen gun lay a brick. "It skinned my knuckles. Whoever did it is going to get skinned all over—"

Another brick bounced off of Snout's head, and he fell as if he had gone suddenly to sleep, which as a matter of fact, he had. As one man, the others turned toward the brick pile. They saw nobody. Gassy walked that way and stooped to pick up one of the bricks.

"Just an ordinary hunk of Irish confetti," he began. "Like—YEOWW!"

It was not a brick that had hit him this time. Bricks don't have arms attached to them. This brick reshaped itself into a fist and struck Gassy down. From the midst of the brick pile rose Plastic Man, and before the other criminals could organize, he was among them like a living explosion.

He knocked heads together. He tripped, slugged and hurled them around. One tried to run—Plastic Man shot his arm out fifteen feet and yanked him back. The whole mob was no match for him as he seemed to move everywhere at once, now tall, now short, now striking, now twisting. Starrett gazed raptly, as at a dream. He did not believe it. At his side Snout struggled up.

Plastic Man's fist knocked Snout kicking again, last of the resistance. Grinning, Plastic Man spoke to Starrett.

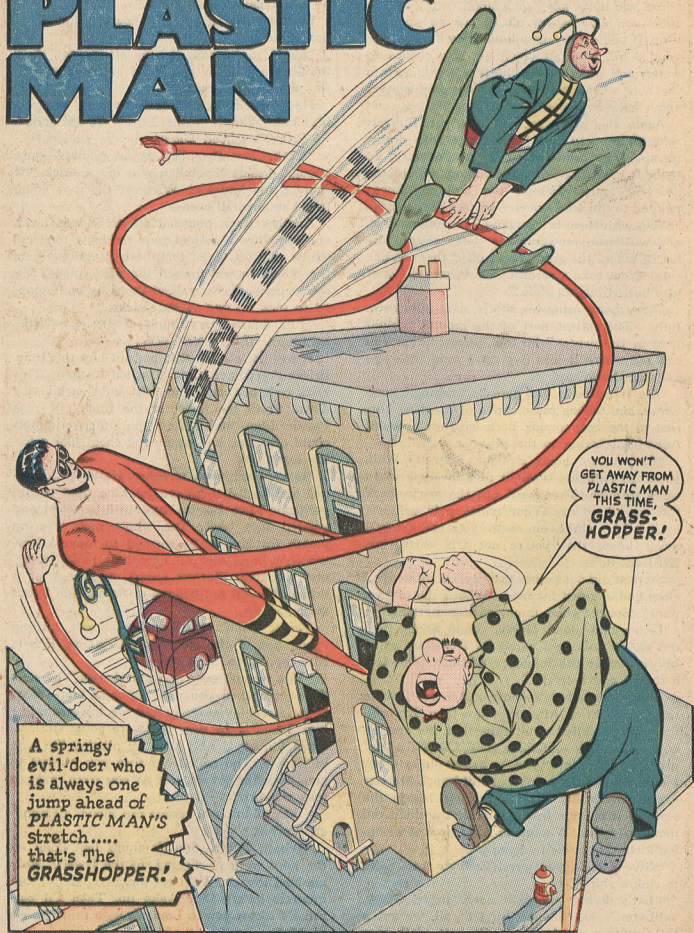
"You weren't ever really in danger," he said. "You see, when you met Snout at first—afoot in the street—you really met me, impersonating him. I had to be sure you were going straight. Then I made doubly sure by playing the part of Larsen. You called out that you wanted to give back the jewels, just as you were dragged into the car."

"Why didn't you rescue me then?" demanded Starrett.

"What? Before Snout's thugs had done all the hard work of digging up the jewels? Help me load the car; We'll get these crooks to headquarters before they wake up. Then I'll personally escort you to Larsen's with those jewels of his."

PLASTIC MAN

# PLASTIC MAN

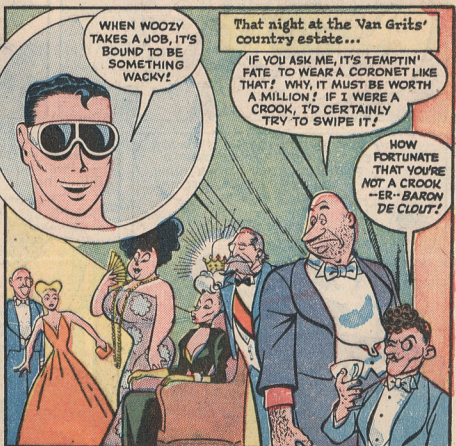
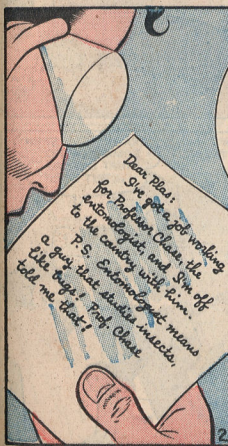
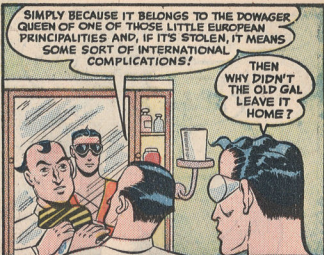


A springy  
evil doer who  
is always one  
jump ahead of  
**PLASTIC MAN'S**  
stretch.....  
that's The  
**GRASSHOPPER!**

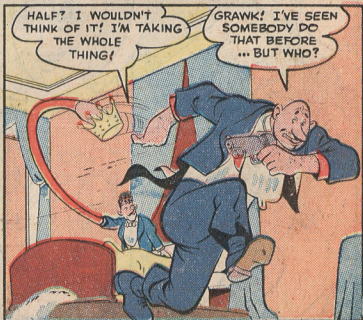
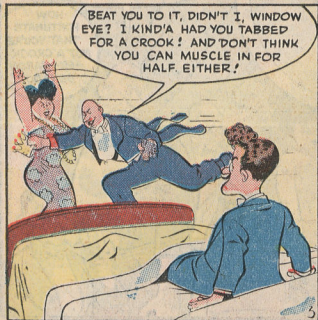
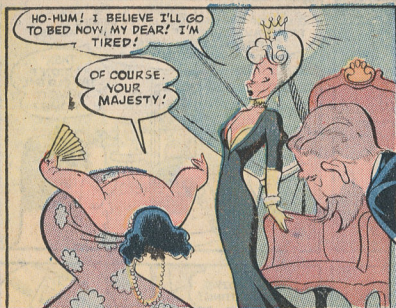
YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY FROM  
PLASTIC MAN  
THIS TIME,  
**GRASS-  
HOPPER!**



# PLASTIC MAN

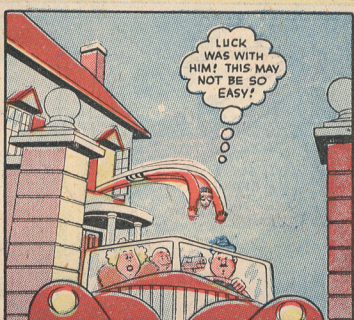
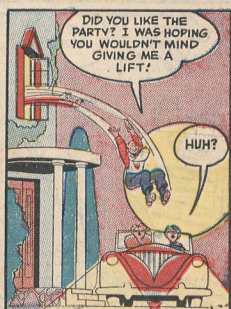
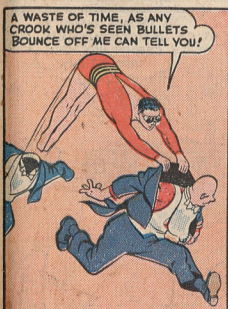
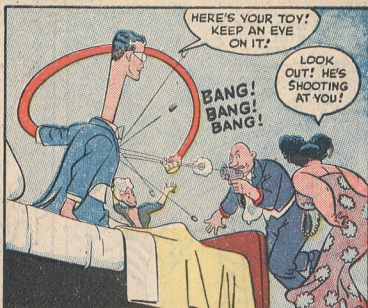
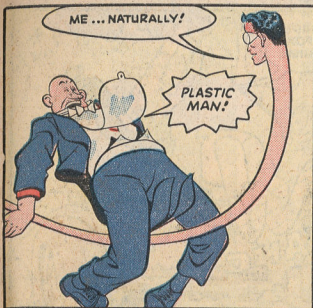


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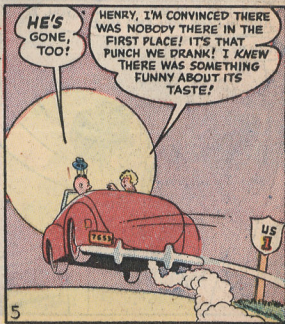
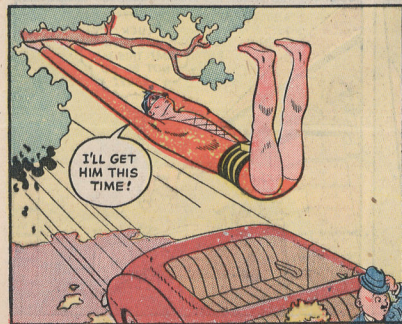
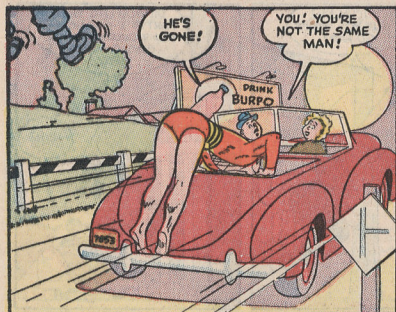
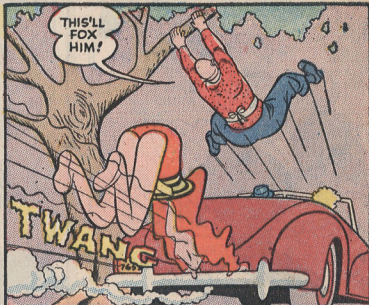
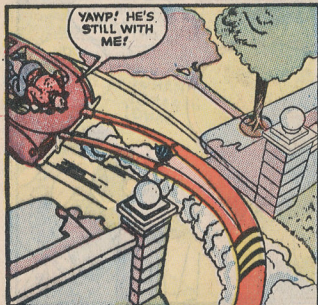




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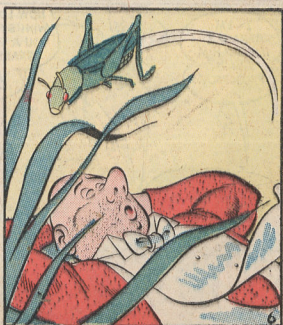
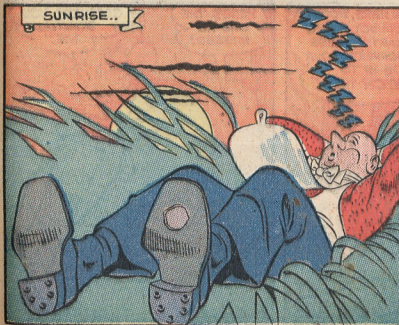
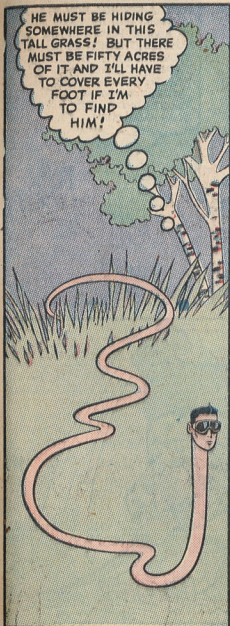


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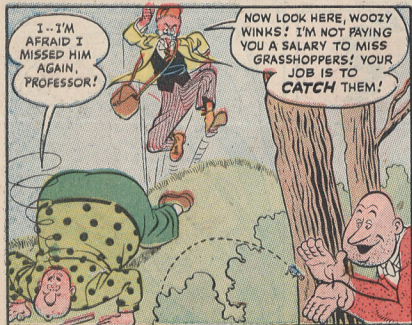
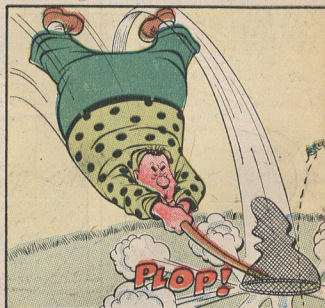
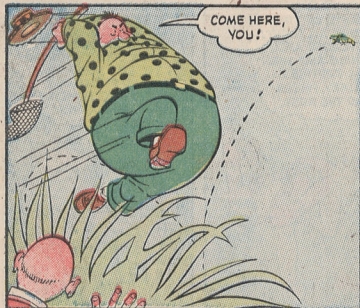
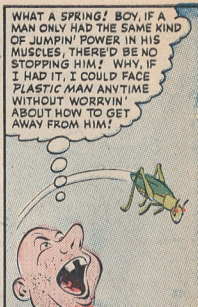
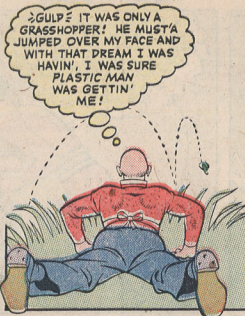




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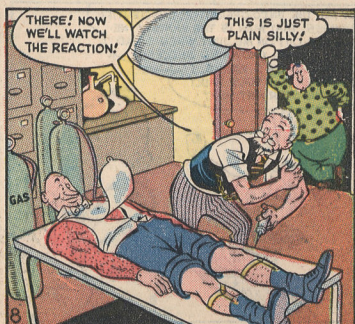
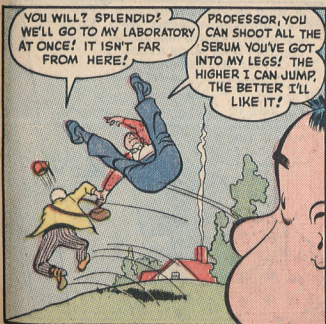
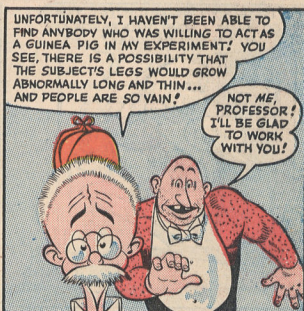
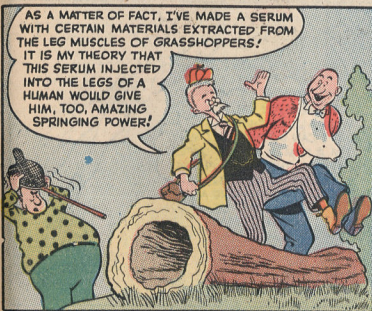
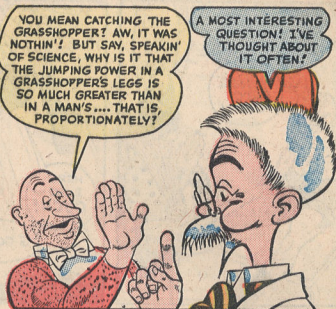


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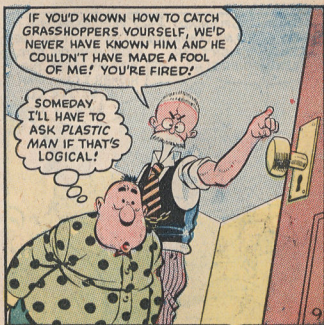
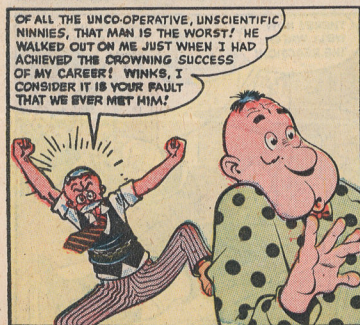
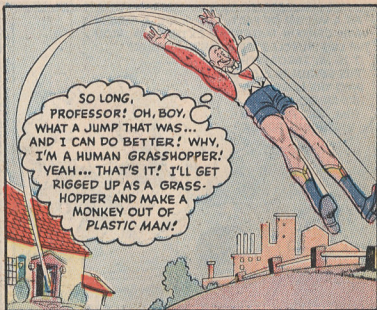
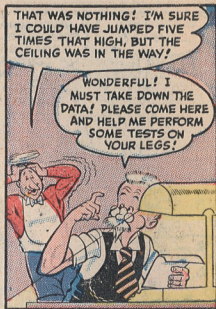
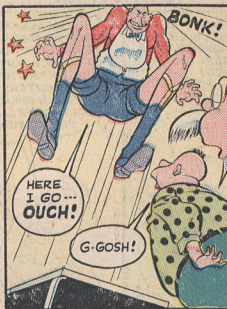
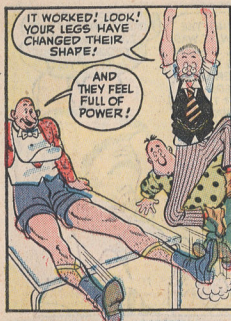




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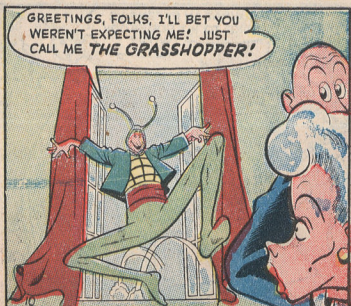
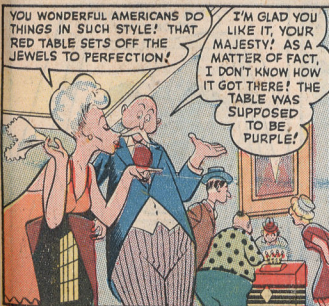
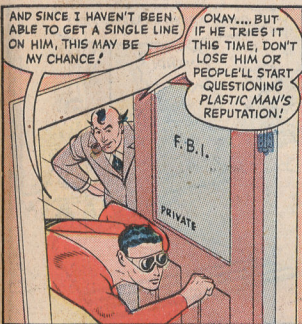
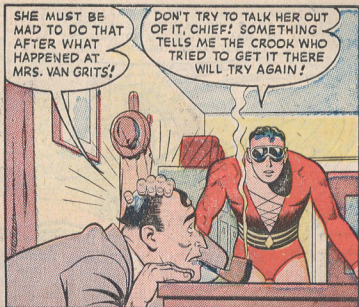
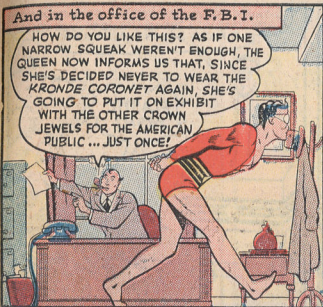


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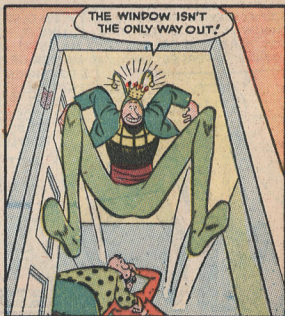
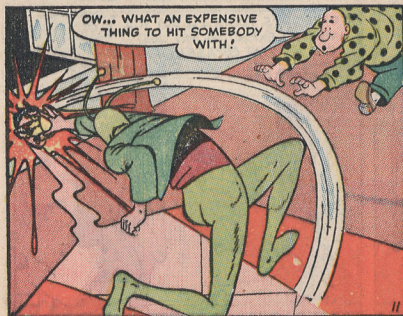
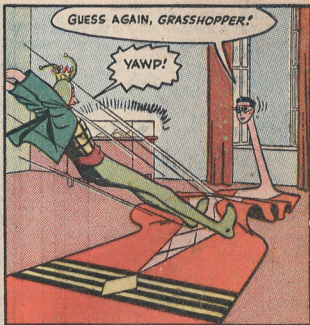
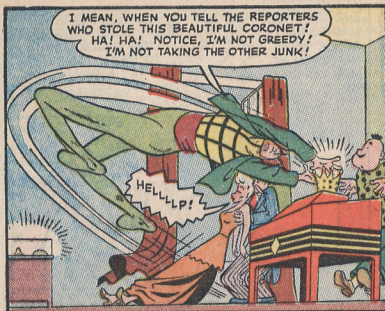




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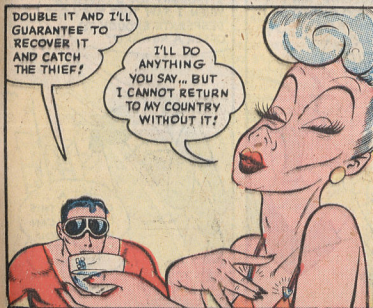
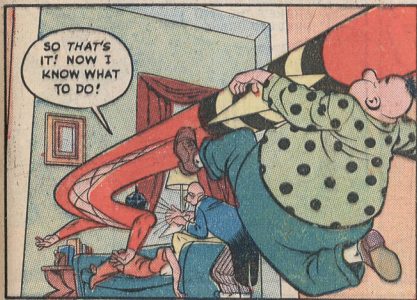
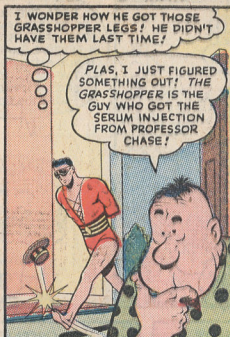


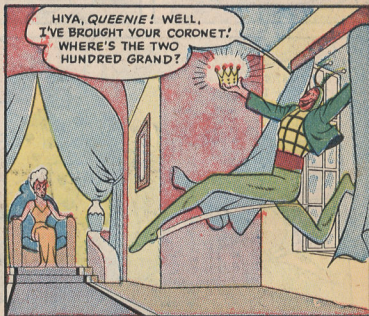
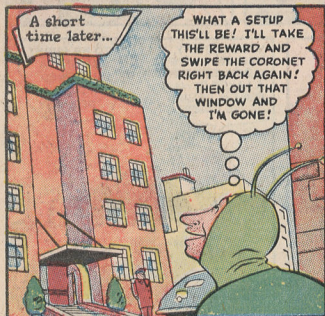
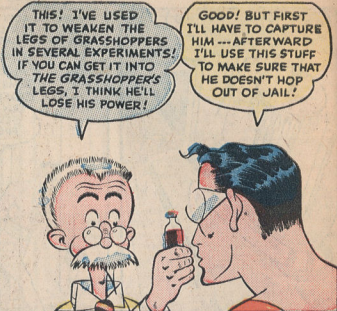
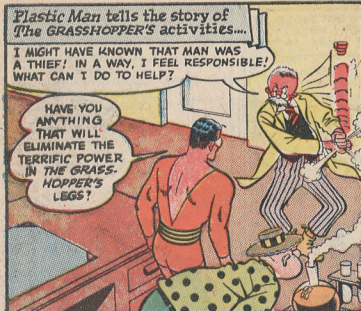
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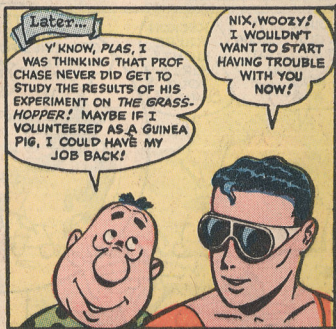
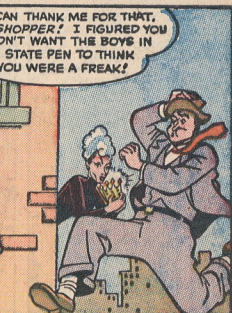
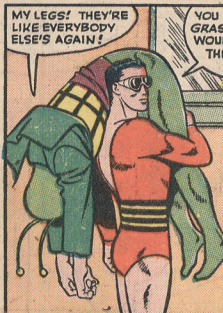
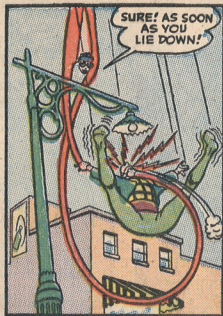
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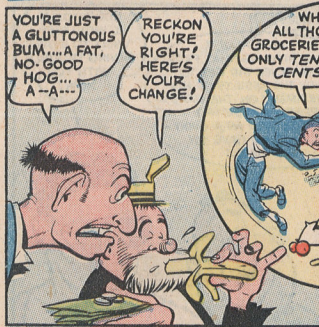
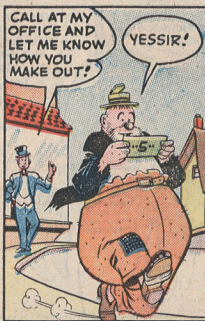
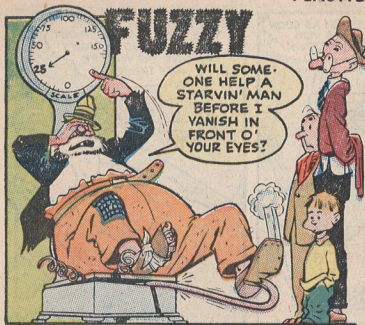




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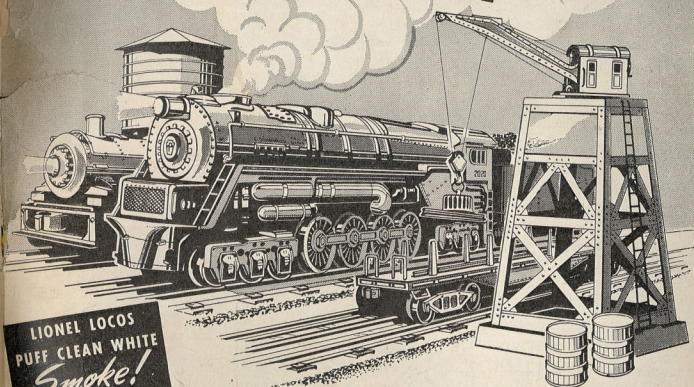


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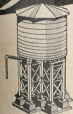




# If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



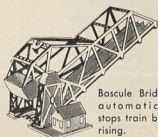
LIONEL LOCOS  
PUFF CLEAN WHITE  
*Smoke!*



Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gate — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

## WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!

*full Color Catalog also  
Scenery Building Book*



Mail  
Coupon  
Today

# LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"  
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

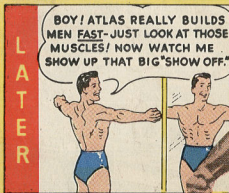
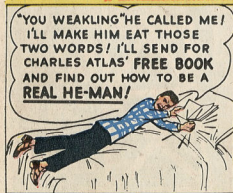
Name

Address

City  Zone  State

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

# HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 350M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me, your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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